Lust

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Lust

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Summary

Lust is Hannibal's true food and the eating of the flesh merely an extension of that, but wine could destroy everything. Hannibal isn't one to fall prey to temptation, though, until he is reunited with the one who saved his life. Please read A/N

Notes

Yay, I have finally gotten this story written, though it has become quite a bit longer than expected. Anyway I wanted to try my hand at writing sensuality over pure physicality; a seduction really, so I look forward to hearing if I managed that. Also read the author notes at the end.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal can't remember the time before the world was like this, but then, it had happened so long ago that the time when it had not been this way almost seems to have not existed at all. In the beginning they were just part of the horrors of the night; the things that humans feared, even if they didn't understand why they should be afraid. *They were right to be afraid.* Over the years a war was waged between the humans and the… ***Others***, though only the humans would name it as such. For humans it was their fight for survival and for the Others, it was just living.

Many years passed and the humans began to learn, passing their knowledge down generations. It happened so slowly that it almost seemed like they were making no progress at all and then two hundred years ago everything changed. Within a decade, most of the Others were herded by the ***sheep*** to form a colony. It was not possible for them all to be exterminated and so they were banished. They did not look so different from their prey, however, so it did not take long before escape attempts were made and eventually the rate of success grew. There was no good way of keeping track of them back then and so it was relatively easy to slip back into society afterwards. It was either that, or starvation and the bodies of the Others held on for so much longer than the point where any other creature would have starved to death.

So many were driven insane with hunger and it wasn't uncommon for one to turn against the others, or even against themselves. Hannibal's parents were some of the blessed few that were given permission to escape. After all, not very many could without drawing the attention of the humans. Hannibal was very young at the time and his sister Mischa was even younger, their legs too short and unused to travel that they slowed their parents down. Hannibal doesn't remember their names or even their faces, but after that night, he never forgot anything again.

It was dark and cold, but the nights were longer, which gave them more time to travel. It was there that they were surrounded by humans. It did not take long for their parents to fail the test they were given, wine forced down their throats until their eyes shone as red as a pools of fresh blood and thick red fur sprang from their bodies. It was obvious that they had been betrayed, as the test choice was too specific to be random. Fortunately Hannibal and Mischa were too young to have matured into their heritage and so their parents passed them off as children, stolen for trade. They then watched as their parents were slaughtered and then they were taken away.

That night Mischa cuddled up to Hannibal extra close and he pretended that the tightness of his arms around her was for her comfort. He was twelve after all and that meant he was a man, one who protected their weak, cry baby sisters and who would ***never*** cry themselves. It took hours before Mischa fell asleep and when she finally did, she had nightmares and called for their ***motina*** in her sleep. If Hannibal didn't sleep that night, it was ***just*** because he wanted to make sure nobody hurt his Mischa.

The next day, they were made to walk towards the next camp. Neither had been fed since the day before and so his Mischa had begun to complain that she was ***alkanas***. Hannibal tried to keep her quiet, not wanting to draw more attention to themselves than necessary, but it was no use and Hannibal was helpless as one of the humans hit his Mischa. He was sick of her

complaining too. He was just as hungry and his feet ached from so much walking, but even so, Mischa was his ***seselė*** and he had promised his father that he would always protect her. Kneeling down, he allowed her to climb onto his back, hoping that if he carried her for a while she would calm down. Fortunately it seemed to work and that night they were given some dry meat and hard cheese to eat.

This continued for six more days. Each night ending with Mischa tucked up under his chin, her usually sweet scent was becoming more masked by the day with dirt and sweat and Hannibal refused to admit just how much that scared him. Being clean and neat was a sign of order and safety and here there was neither. Despite this, Hannibal never let Mischa out of his sight, at least until now.

The humans had said she was helping to make the food, sniggering as they did so. Hannibal was given other chores, so they were kept apart, but he never dared to admit he missed her. Later Hannibal was surprised when she hadn't returned by the time dinner was served, and tried not to appear too obvious as he looked for her, but he was ***so*** hungry. The humans seemed to take more delight than usual from their food, and even offered Hannibal a second helping of the broth, which he couldn't refuse. It was strange and they almost seemed to be watching him while he ate, but after days of walking and next to no food, he gave it no mind; he was too absorbed in filling his stomach with the deliciously warm liquid.

When he finished, he put the mug down, seeing that all the humans were watching him with matched grins on their faces. Hannibal refused to admit to being scared though, even to himself.

'So how was she? How did your ***Mischa*** taste to you?' One said and the others began to hoot with laughter. For a few long moments, Hannibal just sat there, until comprehension dawned, and with it was bile and the now acidic taste of ***his Mischa*** to his tongue.

It ***burned***.

He didn't let it out though, no matter how many times he had to swallow down, knowing instinctively that seeing the evidence of what he had done to his ***seselė*** would be so much worse. All he could do was clutch at his head, his body collapsing in on itself. His head pounded with a thousand different emotions:
gRieFaNgerhOrrOrsAdnEsSfeArhaTepAinreVultIonraGe...

He had failed his parents.

He had failed his Mischa.

He was alone and he burned.

It started with his insides, close to where his motina always told him his stomach was, but soon it spread to his skin and even the air he breathed and the more it went on the more he ached for… ***something***. He wanted something, but he didn't know what. Opening his eyes was difficult as the lids felt like they had almost fused together, but the world around him was suddenly sharper and his eyes focused easily, darting around to see that none of the humans were paying attention to him any longer.

It was then that he smelled it. Off behind a tree one of the humans stood, half hidden in shadows. They were not to ever go too far away and so Hannibal had noticed one wander of every so often, around the time they would go to bed, though they usually had to clean themselves afterwards. The scent made his mouth water though, and he stood up. His limbs shook and it was as though his brain hadn't adjusted to his bodies speed and so over compensated, which caused him to fall over almost immediately. He was soon behind the man though, the scent growing stronger and it was then that he noticed that the man was rocking, his hand down the front of his pants.

Hannibal couldn't think.

Before he could stop himself, he threw himself at the man's back, toppled him over and his mouth tore into the man's throat, intent on consuming. Biting hard and harder, he barely recognised the man's screams as he tried to wrench Hannibal off, but then he fell still and Hannibal realised that he was covered in blood. It was warm and sticky and he could even feel it in his hair. Wiping his mouth with his arm, he watched as the other humans stood around gaping. The scent wasn't there, but the potential for it was and what he had taken hadn't been enough. He wanted more…

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'Hey there little guy.'

A voice. It was calm, though a bit rough and nothing like the voices of the humans. A bit like his father's actually. Hannibal still felt drowsy, his eyes not wanting to open as he felt himself be lifted into the arms of a man and cradled against his warm body. Instinctively, Hannibal curled his face into the man's neck and sniffed, only to sneeze at the awful chemical scent that resided there. The man chuckled.

'Sorry about that, I've heard that none of you particularly like this scent, but I keep getting it for Christmas,' the man said, beginning to walk, the rocking motion causing Hannibal to slip back towards sleep. 'I'm sorry what they did to you and your family. I wish I could have been here sooner to help you, but my siblings were fighting again and no one wants another two-twenty-six.' The man was just so warm and Hannibal had never felt so safe or so loved before; as though he was the only one who mattered in the whole world.

He just wished the man could smell better is all.

'I'm going to have to leave you soon, but I have contacted your uncle and he will take you in and take care of you,' the man said and Hannibal tightened his arms and legs around the man, answering in action far better than he could have in words as to how opposed to the idea he was. The man laughed again. 'I know, I don't want to leave you either, but I have to and I promise, as soon as I am able, I will find you again. You may not know it's me and I may not know it's you, but I will find you. So be brave, be smart and most of all, be safe.'

Hannibal let out a soft groan, intending to try and speak, but then he felt a soft pair of lips press against his forehead and he knew no more…

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The voice hadn't lied to him and so that began Hannibal's stay with his Uncle Robert in France. This continued until his uncle passed away suddenly and he was passed onto his Japanese aunt, Lady Murasaki. During this time, both his aunt and his uncle had trained him how to feed without endangering himself, though neither were particularly happy with his growing interest in… experimentation with different cuisines.

Eventually and while not exactly on amicable terms, Hannibal left his aunt to pursue his interest in medicine; moving to America to undertake his residency at John Hopkins. Despite the years that passed, he never forgot the man who carried him away that night so long ago; he only now wished that he had tried harder to open his eyes. Still, the scent had not left him, as much as he so wished it might and he soon discovered it at a cheap shop. It was in a white bottle, with a bright red boat on the front. ***Old Spice***. Its smell was disgusting, only getting worse now that his nose had grown sharper. So the bottle he brought never left the box it came in and was kept at the other side of the room at all times.

By the time he was forty-seven and worked as a forensic psychiatrist, he had given up his search, assuming the man to be in his seventies at least and the likelihood of finding him again was very small. He was, however, open to the possibility of being wrong, though the degree of error between seventies and mid to late thirties, was quite large, as Hannibal was to see the moment Will Graham entered Jack Crawford's office, still wearing that ridiculous aftershave.

'Hello, it's nice to meet you Doctor Lecter,' Will said, and shook Hannibal's hand, though he never met Hannibal's eyes. His brain whirled, taking in every aspect of this beautiful, shy, fragile creature before him and trying to reconcile him with the one of his dreams. Hannibal had dreamed of him nearly every night when he was younger, at least those nights that he wasn't dreaming of his Mischa. Mischa, who would bite and tear and claw at his organs as an attempt to emerge from inside him, though many, less charming individuals had joined her there since that night.

Hannibal gave his reply on rote and tried to seem interested in the conversation they were having, something about girls being taken by a serial killer, all very boring, but Will would make it interesting, Hannibal could tell. It wasn't until Will left, however that Hannibal noticed one scent had been quite noticeably absent from Will. It was one scent that Hannibal had been instinctively aware of in nearly, if not all humans over the age of puberty and it made Hannibal ***crave***.

It seemed like his guide would require assistance on this man hunt they were conducting and Hannibal was only too happy to provide it. His meat stores had begun to run rather low after the dinner he had held the week before and he needed to stock up again.

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That night Hannibal couldn't sleep; his mind calculating exactly how he could manage to engage Will again. Privacy would also be a bonus. A phone call from Jack Crawford the next morning swiftly solved that problem, however and soon he was on his way to the home of his saviour. He hadn't had very much time to prepare breakfast, unfortunately, and so he wasn't able to make anything more complicated than an egg scramble. He only hoped that he would not be judged too harshly and would be able to provide something more suitable in the future.

He hadn't bothered to phone ahead, preferring to have the advantage of surprise for this visit. It was not a surprise, however, when a bleary eyed Will was what answered, clearly still in the clothes he had slept in. There was something though, not so much a scent as a presence, almost an aura and it took him a moment to realise that the presence of that God awful aftershave was missing, or at least faded. It made his brain feel fuzzy, thoughts not coming as easy to him as they usually would.

'Good morning Will, may I come in?' Hannibal said, figuring that it would probably go easier if he took control of the situation.

'Where's Jack?' Will said as he stood aside to allow Hannibal entrance.

'I'm afraid Jack was deposed and so the adventure will be yours and mine today,' Hannibal said and began placing the bowels onto the table, as Will opened the blinds a fraction to allow some light into the room. 'I hope you don't mind, I am very particular about what I put into my body and I believed it only fair that I bring some for you as well.'

Will seemed distracted, though, so Hannibal opened the lids of both containers and handed a set of cutlery to Will. Hannibal wasn't sure what to expect when Will spoke again and any attempts to hurry him would get him nowhere, so he waited.

'Hannibal, what are you exactly?' Will said and suddenly all pretexts around the situation seemed to fall away. 'I had my suspicions when you were younger, but your scent has changed, it is very confusing.'

'Yes, I do remember that meeting,' Hannibal said with a small smile. 'Though I do agree, I was much smaller when we first met. You on the other hand, have not changed at all, not even your aftershave.'

Will gave out a short laugh, his head tilting back. 'No, I guess I haven't. As for the aftershave, I have found that it is an excellent deterrent for Others who have a strong sense of smell. They tend to try to avoid breathing in too deeply when I wear it.'

'I can see why,' Hannibal said and started eating, only to pause after a moment. 'To answer your question, as you can see, my diet has been somewhat unorthodox and this may account for my change of scent.'

‘I suppose if you are going to feed on them anyway, it doesn’t really change anything by you changing the method,’ Will said, his eyes on the protein scramble, fork still in hand, though seemingly forgotten.

‘My thoughts exactly,’ Hannibal said, though he realised that his voice wasn’t as calm as it had been a moment before. A lot depended on the answers that Will would give him, including the wonderful lifestyle he had built up for himself. ‘Do they know? The FBI?’

The FBI couldn’t know or else Will would not be out and free like he was; like Hannibal was; though Will couldn’t be human either, not when he admitted to being the same as he was over three decades before. Will put down his fork and leaned back, his arms folding across his chest.

‘What do you know about the Deity Act?’

‘Not very much I’m afraid,’ Hannibal said, though pieces were coming together like a jigsaw, only some of the pieces had been scratched while others were burnt, ripped or had water damage. It had been tortured. ‘Only that when the humans came to a stalemate with a group claiming to be the gods, they were forced to just let them be, as they could neither kill them, nor capture them for any length of time. Which one are you?’

‘Which one do you think Doctor Lecter? You are pretty smart,’ Will said and so Hannibal thought, taking into account Will’s many dogs, his vast empathy, his shyness, his depth of feeling, his desire to protect people, even when it cannot be avoided and even though it harmed him to do so. Hannibal remembered the warmth of Will’s body as he carried him away, the incredible feeling of safety and the press of lips to his forehead. There were tears in his eyes when he opened them.

‘They are cruel to you, Love,’ Hannibal said and Will nodded, his eyes looking at a point somewhere to the left of Hannibal’s shoulder, his teeth clenched. There was a bitter irony in the fact that a God of Love was forced to live alone, with dogs as a substitute for real companionship. ‘That is enough questions for now; I believe we have a task to complete.’

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When Hannibal, out of curiosity, called the Hobbs’ home, he did not expect it to end like this. Even now sitting in the back of the ambulance, his mind was revisiting the events that had transpired.

Will, a god, had been powerless to save a life.

Will had also killed a man.

Killing that man had enabled them to save a life. It had not been Will who saved it; however, it had been Hannibal. Hannibal who had looked at Will and saw an explosion was imminent,

so he took control of the situation. Then he was holding the life of an orphaned girl in his hands and he knew that Will loved her.

He had loved Garrett Jacob Hobbs and his wife as well and that was why he was taking their death so badly. This also prevented Will from being with their daughter now, so Hannibal was. It was unlikely, due to the massive amount of blood loss, that she would awaken within a few days, at least, but Will and Hannibal would be there when she did.

Still, the sight of Will covered in blood had been a thing of beauty and Hannibal knew that he would be sketching it for his collection at the next given opportunity.

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It was close to two in the morning when the doorbell rang. Hannibal had dressed for bed already and was relaxing with a book and two fingers of quite excellent whiskey. Fortunately, his dressing gown was close at hand and he was able to pull it on quickly as he made his way to his door. If he was right about whom it was, he had to answer quickly or else his frightened deer may flee after coming so far. Hannibal did not doubt that Will had been outside his door for quite a while, but the fact that he had chosen to stay, rather than leave, it must be quite important.

Of course it could be simply due to the matter of shooting Mr Hobbs earlier that day, yet he did not think that to be the case. He, himself had been drawn to Abigail's bedside, when she had come out of surgery, but unfortunately he had fallen asleep during the period that Will was said to have visited for. He had to wonder what Will had seen in the display, and it had been a display, for Will was the only one who would see the gesture of him holding her hand.

Opening the door, Hannibal saw Will standing on his porch, with his back to him and Hannibal could see the fine tremors that ran along his body. Will turned at the sound and almost seemed surprised by Hannibal's attire, as Will was still wearing something similar to what he had worn to the crime scene.

'Will, I must admit I had not expected to see you so soon,' Hannibal said and gave a wry smile, 'nor so early.'

'I apologise Doctor Lecter, I realised my mistake as soon as I rang the doorbell,' Will said, his eyes on his feet and looking quite charmingly like a disobedient school boy about to be punished, rather than a god.

'Not at all, I believe you must have been outside my door for at least half an hour,' Hannibal said, making his stab in the dark to see how Will would respond to the accusation. 'Clearly whatever it is must be of some import to you to bring you here at this hour.'

'Actually it was an hour,' Will said in close to a mumble and Hannibal nodded, expecting that answer.

‘Then please, come in. It is rather chill out tonight and I will fix us some tea, while you tell us what brought you here,’ Hannibal said and stepped aside to allow Will in and closed the door behind him. ‘I didn’t hear your car when you arrived…?’

‘You are aware that I don’t need a car to get around, right? I am actually faster that way,’ Will said, following Hannibal into the kitchen and Hannibal nodded. ‘Besides, I didn’t want to give myself a chance to back out.’

‘And yet you nearly do once you reach my doorstep,’ Hannibal said, heading over to the cupboard immediately to get the tea pot. ‘I take it that this is to do with the Hobbs family?’

Will hesitated, before nodded slowly.

‘You have never had to kill before, have you?’ Hannibal said, slightly amazed that despite Will’s role, or even because of it, he had yet to bloody his hands.

‘We all did things we regretted during two-twenty-six, but no, not since then,’ Will said and Hannibal felt that he had heard that number before. ‘I’m a god of love. I’m not supposed to kill people.’

If this were almost anyone else, Hannibal would have gone to them, knowing that they needed physical contact, but it was Will and so he stayed where he was and said, ‘And what you did was an act of love, as certain as any other. Garrett Hobbs was in pain. He desired the death of his daughter, yet he could not bring himself to kill her. You freed him of that burden and saved her life. He would be grateful.’

‘In any case, I can hardly change anything now,’ Will said looking down and the scent that seemed to plague Hannibal all day grew stronger. Even with his eyes on the tea, Hannibal could almost sense every move that Will took, as though he were attached to Will with strings. It was an unacceptable distraction.

‘Will, I am curious, why is it that you choose to wear that awful aftershave?’ Hannibal said, making sure to pour exactly the right amount of water into the pot. ‘You said it was a deterrent, but a deterrent for what?’

Will sighed and sat down, his elbows on the bench as he buried his face in his hands, before looking at one of the far right cupboards. ‘You know how I am a god of love? Well that comes with a few unfortunate side effects, one of which being rather potent pheromones. Fortunately I have found that not only does Old Spice counteract this, it combines with it to make it somewhat of a repellent. I only really need it for creatures with a strong sense of smell, since it affects them more quickly, and I am usually not around humans long enough or close enough for it to have any effect.’

‘And are there any side effects to exposure, apart from the obvious arousal?’ Hannibal said, a barely resisted urge to close his eyes to focus his perception more closely on the scent.

‘Some, I guess,’ Will said and Hannibal could tell this wasn’t something he really had to think about often. ‘With enough exposure it reduces concentration and inhibitions, impairs

judgement and perception; so rather like alcohol and like alcohol, it leaves the person with somewhat of a hangover. Why?'

'I was simply curious to know what I was in for,' Hannibal said as he poured the tea and passed one to Will. 'You must have forgotten to apply it this morning.'

Will ignored the tea, his eyes wide as he stared at Hannibal and said, 'but how…?'

'You forget what I am. Temptation is nothing new to me,' Hannibal said and his eyes flickered over to his wine rack. 'If I had not built a strong sense of self-control it could have been the death of me.'

'Wine.'

'Yes,' Hannibal said, though it hadn't been a question. 'It is our greatest love and yet it betrays what we are. I have had to learn to savour every bit that I allow myself.'

'I should go…' Will said, though his movements to get out of the chair were slow and jerky; still, Will could be gone in a heartbeat, if he so desired it.

'While I can control myself, that does not mean we cannot take advantage of this of this opportunity,' Hannibal said smoothly, leaning in towards Will, his palms pressed into the bench.

Will looked up at him then and Hannibal knew what he was sensing: the increased breath rate; the blown pupils; the tangy musk of arousal. 'You don't know what… You would say anything.'

'That may be true,' Hannibal said, turning his head, eyes distant in thought. 'But what ***is*** true is that you require this more than even I do.'

'But…' The protest was weak.

'Shhh…' Hannibal murmured, as he moved around the bench to Will. Reaching up slowly, he ran a hand down Will's face, to cup his head and neck.

Rather than pull away, Will's eyes fluttered, trying to resist what Hannibal offered. 'The tea.'

'Do you want it?' Hannibal said softly, wondering at how responsive Will was to the lightest of touches. Will hesitated before shaking his head in defeat. 'How long has it been since anyone has touched you?'

'I don't remember,' Will said, unconsciously rubbing his face into Hannibal' palm. 'But this, this is taking advantage of you and I can't. Not of you.'

Hannibal knew that it would only take the lightest touch to push Will over the edge and that was what this was: the barest brush of lips, the lightest touch. The shudder that ran through Will was more akin to a convulsion, and Hannibal took a step back, his hands catching Will's wrists in the attempt to pull Hannibal back to him.

‘You will go upstairs and take a bath, which I shall run for you,’ Hannibal said and removed the cup of tea, before he walked over to the cupboard to take down a single wine glass. ‘But for this, I believe a change of beverage is in order.’

Opening up a bottle of wine, he set it aside to breathe and removed the container of homemade truffles from the fridge. Pouring the wine, he passed the glass to Will, who accepted it, and said, ‘come.’

Will, who had clearly been expecting a much more sexual approach to the situation, looked dazed as he followed Hannibal up to his room. ‘You know, you don’t really have to do all this.’

‘Will, you are a god of love; any less than this would be too little and I am being too impatient as it is,’ Hannibal said and turned to face Will, only to barely be able to place the truffles down as Will was suddenly in his space, pressing his lips more insistently against Hannibal’s than the chaste brush of the first.

‘Be more impatient,’ Will said, his breath stuttered and Hannibal cupped Will’s head, tilting it down to press a kiss to his forehead.

‘I am being as impatient as I will allow myself to be,’ Hannibal said and pressed his lips against Will’s once more for good measure. Hannibal’s own skin was burning hot, but Will’s impatience seemed to be feeding Hannibal’s sense of control rather than drain it. ‘I promise, you will not leave here unsatisfied.’

Picking up the truffles, Hannibal turned up the dimmer light in his room and placed the truffles on a bedside table, while he went to fetch a silk dressing gown, which had a similar design to that of a kimono. It would be a bit too large for Will, but that was of no matter.

Handing it to Will, he said, ‘Undress and put this on, I will go and run your bath.’

Will nodded and Hannibal went into the adjoining bathroom, closing the door to give Will some privacy. Turning up the light to a dim glow, he walked over to the bath tub and turned on the taps, so that the bath would begin to fill and fetched some bath oils from beneath the sink. As the scent of the oils was potent enough on their own, Hannibal chose to use unscented candles and placed them carefully around the room. Finally, he pulled out a foot stool from under the sink and placed it next to the bath.

A knock on the door startled him, and he turned to see Will peek through, wine still in hand, though mostly untouched and wearing the dressing gown. ‘Can I come in?’

‘Yes, you may,’ Hannibal said, pulling up his sleeves to test the water and make sure it wasn’t too warm. It wasn’t and he turned off the taps. ‘Your bath is ready. I will allow you to get in and return shortly.’

‘Thank you,’ Will said, sounding as though it was more out of the need to say something than anything else.

Returning to the bedroom, Hannibal set up his CD player to play some quiet classical music and went to fetch his scented candles. He made sure to open his windows first, to allow the light breeze to pass through and prevent the build-up of smoke. He chose citrus scents tonight and fetched the bottle of coconut oil, from his cupboard, placing it on the night stand. As his tasks were, for the moment, complete, he picked up the truffles and walked back into the bathroom.

Hannibal barely hid a satisfied smirk as he heard the water suddenly splash and Will's squawk of surprise at his intrusion, leaving the door open. Moving over to the side of the tub, Hannibal noticed that the wine glass was almost empty.

'Hannibal, I…' But Will couldn't manage to say anymore, his face flushed. Hannibal enjoyed the sight, amused that he was able to provoke such a strong reaction.

'I take it that you are enjoying your bath, and the wine,' Hannibal said and sat on the small foot stool. 'I was curious as to if you would like to try some of my homemade honey filled truffles. I must admit, this is a new recipe that I am testing.'

'Is there anything that you don't make yourself?' Will blurted out and Hannibal chuckled.

'It is good to try new things and I wish to share this with you,' Hannibal said and removed a truffle from the container and placed it at Will's lips, who immediately looked startled and automatically went to raise his arm out of the bath to take it. Hannibal tsked, 'I will not have it ruined by bath oils.'

Will's body only seemed to tense further, before his eyes returned to the truffle and he obediently opened his mouth, the truffle easily slipping inside. As he chewed, Will's eyes fluttered and he let out a moan of unexpected pleasure. Fortunately the water and the bath oils seemed to be muting Will's scent, or Hannibal was sure that he would have dragged Will out of the bath right then. As it was, he was uncertain how well he would be able to carry out the next few aspects of his plan.

'That was amazing, Hannibal,' Will said, his eyes wide with sincerity. 'And I'm not even a person who is particularly fond of honey.'

'Then that makes your praise all the better,' Hannibal said and took out another, which he fed to Will the same way, though Will was more accepting of the method this time.

'Anyone would think you are trying to get me fat with all this delicious food you are feeding me,' Will said, looking at the wall in front of him.

'By that logic, I would be subjecting myself to the same treatment,' Hannibal said with a smile, before placing the container on the counter top and fetching Will the thick towel which had been warming. 'Besides, I enjoy feeding you. Food is one of life's great pleasures and from what I have seen; you do not take much time for pleasure. It is therefore my duty to provide you with it at every opportunity.'

'And how did you get stuck with that duty?' Will said, and Hannibal could see a splinter of self-loathing shine through. 'I doubt anyone would be lining up for the job.'

‘It was not forced on me, in fact I volunteered,’ Hannibal said and allowed the towel to hang like a curtain between them, knowing that Will would prefer some semblance of privacy when removing himself from the bath tub. ‘Now, if you are done, I would like to give you a back massage in the bedroom.’

‘You really don’t…’

‘I insist,’ Hannibal said, cutting in. Instead of retorting, like Hannibal had almost expected, he heard the bathwater swish again as Will stood and he draped the towel around Will. After he helped him out of the bath, he added, ‘now when you are ready, I will be in the bedroom.’

Will nodded, though Hannibal could tell that Will was being pushed to the limits with this encounter already. Unfortunately for Will, while Hannibal’s mind was relatively clear at the moment, he was not sure how much longer that would be the case. As he had prepared for this during Will’s bath, Hannibal used the time now to turn down the music, debating on whether or not to turn it off so that he could enjoy Will undisturbed and removed his own dressing gown and night shirt, hoping that it would set Will’s mind more at ease if Hannibal was to remove his own clothing after intervals.

When the door opened, Hannibal did not turn around and Will did not move from his spot at the doorway. The rustle of fabric had alerted him to the fact that Will was once again in the dressing gown, and Will’s scent was already re-emerging, but Hannibal did nothing, this was Will’s move now.

‘So, uh, where do you want me?’ Will said, and Hannibal sucked in a deep breath, and closed his eyes for a split second to try and regain control, which he probably wouldn’t have done if he was capable of clear thought.

Nevertheless, he only had to clear his throat once before he said, ‘Untie the dressing gown and lay on the bed on your stomach.’

‘Uh, yeah,’ Will said, as though that part were obvious. ‘Long ways or across the middle?’

‘Horizontal should work best for the moment,’ Hannibal said, and as Will silently carried out those instructions, while Hannibal fetched the oil from the table. Once he had it, he climbed onto the bed to kneel beside Will’s body, but so as not to scare him, he said, ‘I am going to pull the dressing gown down now so I may access your back.’

‘Okay,’ Will said, his voice shaking and Hannibal knew that verbal warnings would not be enough. Telegraphing his movements now, Hannibal allowed his hands to brush the sides of Will’s neck, before he grasped the collar and slowly began to pull the fabric down, his hands spreading further apart to remove Will’s arms from the sleeves, leaving Will exposed from the waist up. Will shivered beside him, though whether it was due to his actions or the sudden exposure to the cool air, he was less certain. Dipping his hand into the oil, he then rubbed his hands together to spread and warm the liquid, before he applied them to Will’s back.

At first, his touch was purely exploratory, finding all the knotted tension, so that he knew which areas he needed to start with first. The more problematic areas would also be the most painful to ease, so he started with those first, so that as it progressed, only pleasure would

remain. The task would have been easier if he would have been able to disconnect himself, but that would have been self-defeating. Hannibal needed Will to open up to him more than he would ever open up to Will, or else Hannibal would lose control.

As he looked down at Will, so trusting and pliant under his touch, Hannibal found himself distracted by a rather unremarkable patch of skin beneath Will's ear. The skin was soft and moulded easily beneath his lips and it was only then that he realised he had even moved at all. This did not stop him from allowing his tongue to push past his lips to taste, or to smell. It was the scent of safety, Hannibal's places of safety, and of warmth; Hannibal wanted to bury himself in that scent. The moan it drew from Will, only increased that desire and the breaths he drew now were ragged.

Retreating reluctantly, Hannibal leaned back so that his weight was placed more on his feet than his knees. For once he was the one who could not look at Will, who seemed to have noticed the disruption, and so turned over and sat up, the dressing gown falling away. Will's hand on his face, led Hannibal's gaze back, though it lingered on Will's lips. Hannibal wanted to taste those lips, and for once he wasn't thinking about whether or not they should be bloody while he did so.

As if seeing the direction Hannibal's thoughts had taken, Will's hand drew him in closer for a kiss. It was barely more than a tug of lips and then Will pulled back and said, 'What do you need?'

Hannibal flinched away. He did not ***need*** anything from Will.

'Oh,' Will said quietly, and Hannibal knew Will had just realised how he was feeling. 'You're not used to wanting what you get; just as I am not used to getting what I want.'

Will must have come to some form of decision then, though Hannibal didn't recognise it until Will had placed Hannibal on his back with his head resting on the pillows. Hannibal had to wonder if increased strength was just a standard part of being a god, as it did not seem at all relevant to love.

'Shh,' Will murmured, straddling Hannibal's hips, disregarding his nudity. 'You took care of me and now I take care of you.'

Will seemed to be mimicking Hannibal's behaviour from earlier as he slowly leant down to catch Hannibal's lips, though unlike Hannibal's, this was a kiss with purpose, with desire. Will's tongue was drugging and Hannibal, in a brief moment of lucidity, wondered if Will's saliva contained some form of aphrodisiac. The close proximity of Will's neck, though, caused Hannibal's head to spin and his arms pulled Will's body harshly against his own, encompassed by the need to feel every part of that flesh. When Will broke the kiss, Hannibal's mouth sought that spot on Will's neck, sucking and kissing it, as though in attempt to drag that smell, that taste into his very being and keep it there.

'Sh-shhh…'

Hannibal hadn't felt such a strong desire to hold someone to him since that night he held his Mischa, the night their parents died and his hold on Will was far stronger than it had been

then. It was then with distressful ease that Will pulled out of his grasp and moved off him.

‘I think we should remove these,’ Will said, before Hannibal was coherent enough to protest his absence and then Will was dragging his pants and underwear down his hips and allowed them to drop on the floor. Hannibal used that split second of inaction to launch himself at Will and dragged him back down onto the bed, his whole body now covered Will’s in another attempt to cage him and prevent him from leaving him. His hips ground against Will’s own, as his mouth let out a series of exultant grunts and moans, but like the time in the forest with that man, this wasn’t enough.

‘Hannibal,’ Will moaned, as Hannibal pulled back and dragged his mouth down Will’s body, collecting the sweat and scent of Will on his tongue; his hands feeling and rubbing every part of Will that his mouth couldn’t reach. Every sense was focused on the creature below him and his hands flexed on the biceps he was pressing into the mattress. ‘It-‘s okay Hannibal, whatever you need.’

Despite his immobility, the bottle of oil must have managed to find its way into Wills hand, as Will said, ‘Hannibal, take this.’

For a moment Hannibal was able to focus and he took the bottle from Will, his eyes flicking between the oil and the heaving mess of sweat and saliva slick marks that Will had become. There was still so much of Will that he had not savoured yet and the uncertainty of a repeat performance had him uneasy. Another murmured, ‘shh’, had Hannibal moving again and he used the oil to slick his fingers. Will’s legs parted to allow Hannibal access and Hannibal moved in between them, only to realise the scent was far more potent there than his neck had been.

It was only with the ashes that remained of his self-control that he was able to prevent himself from eating Will out right there and then. Instead, Hannibal managed to push a finger between Will’s clenched muscles. The warmth and tightness nearly undid him and he jammed the second finger in more harshly than the first. Scissoring his fingers, Hannibal tested the give, before pressing in a third and final finger. By this point Hannibal’s heartbeat was pounding in his ears, his lungs couldn’t draw in enough breath for a whisper and he ***burned***.

As he pulled his fingers out, Will’s hand’s reached under his arm pits and easily pulled him up his body until they were once again face-to-face. The kisses they shared then were desperate, little things; too hard and not enough. Will’s legs lifted up to wrap around Hannibal’s waist in an attempt to angle himself for penetration, though Hannibal still had to feel Will with his fingers once more before he could position himself. He knew he was forgetting something, but that seemed unimportant, so unimportant as he pressed his hips forward and sunk into Will’s body.

It was too much.

Too much.

The friction that Will’s body generated just pushing inside had Hannibal’s hands strangling Will’s hips and his mouth bit down on the shoulder closest to it. Pulling out, he soon thrust back in, his pattern quickly becoming erratic, as he was unable to determine whether shoving

himself inside faster or slower was more pleasurable. He was lost in Will's scent and his own combining and the taste of blood was on his lips.

He could barely even think about holding off, though he did make a weak attempt, but he was drowning. He was in flames and he was ***drowning***. Hannibal tried to pull himself closer to Will, even though it made movement more difficult. He could barely see and he couldn't think and he was going to explode.

Will's hand's gasped his face, forcing their eyes to meet. His face was red and sweat slicked and he had to taste, so he licked a line down the length of Will's jaw and then inside his mouth, forcing it inside to allow Will a share in what he had found. His eyes had barely left Will's though, even when their eyes hadn't quite been able to meet.

His rhythm grew quicker now. Needing to find release with a desperation he had never felt before. His own sexual satisfaction had always been secondary to the sexual heightening of his prey and his primary satisfaction in that arrangement was in draining them of all of it once they reached their peak of arousal. If Will had reached his peak, Hannibal couldn't tell and wouldn't have been able to drain him of a bit of it, even if he had wanted to. His hunger was too sated for it to even begin to overrule the lust that raged through his body and then he peaked.

The pleasure that punched through him was nearly enough to push him into unconsciousness, but he held on, giving Will a matching bite mark on his other shoulder for the effort. His hips did not stop moving, though, until he felt something splash on his stomach and his mind slowly began to clear. Pulling out of Will, he collapsed beside him and Will pulled him close, so that Hannibal's head rested against his chest; his breath hardly altered by what had just occurred.

Hannibal was still panting and he could feel Will's hand stroking his hair. Slowly, he felt his body relax, his face nuzzling Will's chest and Will's strokes grew longer, down his neck to his back and sides. His last thought before he fell asleep was a promise that he would not allow Will to leave him again.

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Will's hands were patting Hannibal idly, his eyes taking in the form of the fox in front of him. Will would have to work out a way to limit the potency of his pheromones before they tried this again, as Hannibal would not be pleased when he realised just how much control he had lost. Maybe they could start with finding and replicating the neutralising agent in his ejaculate? Still, Will had tried to warn him, though he doubted that any feelings of regret Hannibal may feel would be enough to prevent a similar scenario from happening again. Arrogance was a flaw of Hannibal's after all; they would just need to be more prepared next time.

When he had first found Hannibal, he had wondered if it might one day come to this. The grief and rage that the boy had experienced that day was all consuming and Will wished he could have been there sooner. He hadn't been though, and all he could do was carry that broken little boy, clean him up and then hand him over to the people who would try to give him a chance at a normal life. Looking down at the man before him, Will could see that they succeeded to as much of a degree as Hannibal would have allowed anyone. He still had his ***eccentricities***, but that was only to be expected when one has a past like Hannibal did.

Will had promised Hannibal at their first meeting that they would meet again, but finding one being among so many was not an easy task and so he had been just as surprised as Hannibal had been when they were reunited. The years apart, though useful, had been darkened by the pain of isolation from all Hannibal cared for and Will knew that it would take a long time for those wounds to heal, leaving scars behind. Will was not unfamiliar with that pain, so having a stable presence, such as Hannibal, would only help him as well.

With time, they would both become what they always should have been, but for now at least, it seemed that Will had just picked up another stray.

End Notes

Just so you know Hannibal (and his family) are a creature based off the Hu-Hsien, which is a Chinese mythical creature that feeds on lust, has weakness for wine and are attracted to scholars as both allies and victims. I wanted to use a creature in this story that was like an incubus, but not. Anyway, once again, if anyone could help me with writing Clarice Starling for a sequel to Mark, I would really appreciate it. Thanks.

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